

THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

BOYS AND GIRLS DEPARTMENT

Rules for Young Writers.

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only, and number the pages.
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
5. Write your name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the story.
6. Address all communications to Uncle Jed, Bulletin Office.

"Whatever you are—Be that! Whatever you say—Be true!"

Be honest in all you say and do. Be nobody else but you."

POETRY.

How He Saved the Fourth.

Sir Smile-Ups sat smiling as broad as he could. He thought he would chop him a little square wood. On this glorious Fourth it is fine, don't you know. To swing a big axe and make yourself grow!

"Hal, hal!" cried Sir Smile-Ups. "These boards I shall take. For a monstrous, strong chest they must surely be!" "It's said on the Fourth to see crackers around. And eyebrows and fingers all strewn on the ground."

"And mothers are wailing. 'What for do you buy Such foolish explosives' and fathers shout, 'Why!'" "Thus saying, Sir Smile-Ups quick straddled his chest. Threw out his shoulders and pulled down his vest!

Then the chest flew on wings, as I have been told. And passed through those places where crackers are sold. Not for eating, oh no; but the kind that make noise. The kind that are liked by some big men and boys.

Sir Smile-Ups sat smiling an hour or more. As boys empty-handed came out of each door. When next he was seen he was grinning with glee. With crackers in chest, and chest in the sea!"

—Wee Wisdom.

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.

Vacation days are the days when most children count upon having a good time, and if they know what a good time is they increase the joy of living.

I have known children to think they could have a good time by disobeying their parents, and such children get broken bones and scars they carry for life if they do not happen before the discovery of their disobedience to get drowned.

They used to tell me a good time was innocent amusement, but I must tell the Wide Awakes that a good time is any safe, interesting or useful employment.

It is as useful an employment to be adding to one's pleasures as it is to be adding to one's ability to do things or to make money.

Pleasure need not be merely play for it may include agreeable work. For instance, the Wide Awake who makes a book-case for his prize-books not only in the work finds pleasure, but in the abiding satisfaction and convenience of his success.

There is pleasure in the making of little gardens and the care of pets and a knowledge of plants and birds. Activity of the mind in service adds pleasure as well as the activity of the body in games which add strength to the muscles and color to the cheeks and brightness to the eyes.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and all play and no work is liable to make of Jack a lazy and useless man.

A good time, then, is play or employment which is agreeable and adds to a child's healthy growth and development—that adds to its capacity for knowing every good thing and

arouses the sense that any good thing abused gives evil results.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Elizabeth M. O'Rourke, of Providence: I have received the prize book, "Witch Winnie's Mystery," for which I thank you very much.

Mary Louise Bruah, of Bonrah: Thank you very much for my prize book, "Camp Fire Girls Across the Sea." I have read most of it, and like it very well.

Gertie A. Pratt, of Pomfret Center: Please accept my thanks for the prize book, "The Camp Fire Girls Amid the Snows." I have read it through and enjoyed it very much.

Frederick Kendall, of Norwich: I thank you for prize book, entitled "Boy Scouts for Uncle Sam." I have read it through and liked it very much.

Bertha Fuller of Eagleville: I received the prize book and thank you very much for it. The name of it is "Madgey, the Maid of the Mountains." I have read it and found it very interesting.

THE WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.

1—Elizabeth M. O'Rourke of Providence, R. I.—The Lady of the Forest.

2—Grace Burritt, of Stafford Springs—Tom Fairfield at Sea.

3—Ruth Cregan, of Wiltonville—The Lady of the Forest.

4—Louis Pollock, of Mansfield—Dave Dashaway and His Hydroplane.

5—Mildred Weaver, of Hampton—Three Little Women at Work.

6—Jessie Brehaut, of East Norwich, N. Y.—A Gay Charmer.

7—Leona A. Palmer, of Eagleville—The Maid of the Mountains.

8—Alex Dugas, of Versailles—Tom Fairfield in Camp.

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.

The Little Grass Sellers. The Indians and negroes of warm countries carry heavy loads. They acquire great skill and strength in this way. As they practice they find that a white man could hardly lift. Not only do they bear them upon their backs, but even upon their heads.

People have had negroes carry trunks on their heads for many miles. As they practice they find that a white man could hardly lift. Not only do they bear them upon their backs, but even upon their heads.

The Indians, though they also carry great loads on their heads, yet practice as a rule, to carry them on their backs.

In Mexico they take the load upon the shoulders and keep it in place with a broad cotton or leather band around the forehead.

South of the United States is the country called Yucatan. Going along the country roads at night, you may meet hundreds of men and women coming to market. Not only men and women, but boys and girls, too, carry their share. The people who bring hay to the markets look like walking haystacks at a distance.

With so much work to do, these boys and girls cannot have much time for school. They learn very little, but most of them can count, and many can read.

At one time the people of Yucatan were the wisest in America. They built temples and palaces that now cover many acres with their ruins. No one knows when they were built, but they are great and grand.

CATHERINE NELSON, Age 12, Versailles.

The Village Blacksmith. Did you ever see a blacksmith? A blacksmith works with iron. He heats the iron until it is very hot. It is soft when it is red hot. He puts the iron upon an anvil and strikes it with his heavy hammer. He must be a very strong man, and make many things of iron. He makes shoes for horses and nails them on their hoofs.

There was a blacksmith who lived in Cambridge, Mass. Longfellow used to see him at work. He liked to see him strike the hot iron, and to watch him make it into many things. A large tree grew very near the blacksmith's shop. It was a chestnut tree. He had a horse and a boy named Mr. Longfellow wrote a poem about the blacksmith. He spoke of the chestnut tree in the poem.

WILLIAM POLIQUIN, Age 11, Versailles.

ONE HUNDRED HAPPY BIRDS

It was the sixteenth of June, and a dreadfully hot day. I remember the date, because it was the day after my birthday and mamma wouldn't let me go to school. I had a birthday party, and was very tired, mamma said. My head ached, and mamma said I would ache worse if I went out in the hot sun. Everybody said it seemed as if they should melt; but as if I were roasting.

I sat by the front window with a fan, trying to get a breath of air; but there wasn't any, and I kept saying I knew I should suffocate if a breeze didn't come along pretty soon. Mamma told me if I would not talk so much I should be cooler.

So I looked out of the window to see what I could see. The big stone barn opposite shut out the blue sky, and the sidewalk was so glaring in the sun, that I felt hotter than ever. There were two maple trees in front of the house; but the leaves looked wilted and dried, it had not rained for so long.

We lived in Hartford, and boarded on Capitol avenue. We had the front chamber and two other rooms; but I knew it was cooler down stairs, and should have gone down if there had not been company in the parlor. Oh, how glad I am that I didn't!

There was a piazza in front, and the roof was right under our windows. It was just thinking that I would go and get a drink when I saw a sparrow sitting on the edge of the roof with his mouth wide open. I called to mamma to come and see if he were sick, and she said he was only hot and thirsty.

So I poured down a whole pitcherful. It was a tin roof, with a gutter on the edge, so that the water splashed there; the place where it would have run off was stopped up with leaves and dirt, so it happened all right. And you ought to have seen that sparrow! "Why, I thought he would never stop drinking!" And when I saw that the water did run away a little I poured out some more, and what do

you think? That bird popped right in to that water and took a bath! It was not long before another sparrow came, and mamma said I would have my hands full if I kept them supplied with water. But it was such a hot day, and mamma said I would take it from the marble basin in her room. It seemed as if the new birds should come over my head, but the sparrows and robins flocked there to enjoy it.

I never saw a robin take a bath before, and I was so delighted! I could hardly keep still; but I, for fear of scolding them away. Folks say that sparrows drive away the robins; but don't believe it, for they went in together just as peacefully as could be. There would be two or three in at a time.

I must tell you about the first robin that came. He was so out of breath, all he wanted, and then he jumped in for a bath. I suppose he happened in from his make, for he called to her. She called to him, and he kept calling and calling; but finally, just as he had finished his bath, she flew up. Then she took a bath. Wasn't it funny? He seemed just like any robin's call.

There were a great many other kinds of birds came, orioles and bluebirds and wrens, besides lots and lots of sparrows. I didn't know the names of them. There was one lovely bird; he had pink on his breast, and mamma said it must be a rose-breasted grosbeak. He did not stay to take a bath. I wished he would. The big dragon-flies came, too, to come and see if he were sick, and she said he was only hot and thirsty.

When papa came home at noon, he enjoyed the fun as much as mamma and I did. For the birds kept coming. I couldn't do anything but pour out water and watch them, all the afternoon, and I had been counting them from the first, and I was bound to get up to a hundred. Papa said I wouldn't but I did! And mamma said I was doing one thing that day—I had made a hundred birds happy.—Selected.

An Original Fairy Story.

Once upon a time, ever so long ago, when there were fairies, a little girl was born in the town of P— She was named Daisy, and grew up to be a thoughtful, useful little girl; always merry and kind-hearted, often spending her playtime in picking flowers for sick people, or in making someone else happy.

She preferred to do this rather than to play with dolls. Every day she loved the good little girl. She had a sweet, smiling face, bright, golden curls and was always dressed in white. One day while Daisy was dancing along the road singing gaily and holding in her hands some very pretty flowers, a little old woman hobbled out of the woods and sank wearily down by the roadside. She was really a fairy named Lighthouse who had often heard about the little girl and wanted to test her kindness.

"Good-morning, mother," said Daisy in her cheery voice. "You look tired and worn out. Would you not like these pretty flowers that I found this morning; and won't you tell me where you live? Perhaps I can help you do your work so that you may rest?"

"Oh, thank you!" said the old woman. "You may come with me and I will show you where I live, but you may not like my work." She led the little girl away and Daisy was never seen again, but beautiful flowers grew all over the fields ever since that time. They have yellow centers and white petals and they are known as white daisies.

No one ever found out what became of Daisy, although people who believe in fairies think she was changed into a fairy, too, and the daisy of the field reminds us of the beautiful golden-haired daisy of that time.

MARY BURRELL, Age 13, Stafford Springs.

A Robber Story.

Long ago there were a great many robbers in England. One day a party of people was traveling through the forest when the robbers saw a conversation was being carried on about robbers. One man who had six pounds said, "I am afraid of having my money stolen. What can I do with it?"

A woman who was more common than the rest said: "Put it in your boots." The man did so at once. Just then the coach door was opened and a man with a mask over his face demanded money.

The common woman said: "You will find what you want in that man's boot." She told them all to come to her house the next day and she would tell them.

The next day they all went to her house. When she was asked about the money she said: "I have a larger sum than that, but I don't want to tell you. I thought I would rather lose six pounds by paying that man back, than lose all the money I have."

The people were pleased with her answer. RUTH CREGAN, Age 13, Wiltonville.

Rhode Island's Immigrants.

Within the last few years Rhode Island has had some interesting specimens of immigrants. Perhaps you will be surprised when I tell you that they were all from the same place. They have come here for protection, because they find they may move unmolested in their own country.

Our present immigrants live much like the partridges but do not seem so wild. They frequent grain fields and wallow in tall grass. One can hear them call their mates with a peculiar note, similar to that of the peewee, and yet much like the coo of a dove, at almost any time during the summer months. Most of them have a dull brown plumage, but a few of them have bright red and green feathers. They are about the size of a small hen and have long, sweeping tails which almost touch the ground as they strut about.

The Islanders are proud of these newcomers and would be glad to welcome more like them. ELIZABETH M. O'ROURKE, Providence, R. I.

Our Walk.

Our teacher took us all for a walk one afternoon and tried to find as many kinds of flowers as we could. We followed the road and after we were tired we walked for quite a long time we came to an old house.

We went in the woods by the house to see if we could find some pink ladies' slippers. We only found two. When all of Charlie's side got out but Andy, Charlie had reached the third base.

When Andy went to the bat Charlie cried out to Andy: "Knock me in!" "All right, Charlie," said Andy. Godfrey, who was the pitcher, tried all he could to put Andy out. He cried out to Andy: "Why don't you hit the ball?"

"Why don't you give better balls?" said Andy. "Then he threw a quick ball, but Andy didn't catch it. He hit the ball and not only knocked Charlie in but made a home run.

When two got out, the other side went in. When Godfrey went to the bat one was already out. So Godfrey hit the ball, but made a foul. Andy was quick and he caught it. Then the schoolbell rang so the game was ended.

WILLIAM KLECAK, Age 13, West Willington.

Farming in China.

Chinese farmers adopt very clever devices in order to get the best harvest. If a strong wind seems likely to shake out the grains of rice by beating them, they use a device called a windmill. They tie a few sticks together into small sheaves and by these means the sheaves are protected from the wind.

Low mountains in China are often cultivated to the very top. The sides are cut into terraces, and these are sometimes watered by streams conveyed from below through bamboo tubes. Every weed is removed with the greatest care, and where there is a corner in their fields quite unproductive, they plant therein some useful tree, such as the mulberry.

The most important parts of the natural fertility of the ground, and this careful cultivation, three harvests are gathered in the year. NIRIAM M. GROVER, Norwich.

Why Every Girl Should Learn to Cook.

Every girl should learn to cook when young. When she gets big she will want to know how to cook her meals. If she does not know how to cook perhaps she will have to hire someone to do cooking for her. Cook and bread, which we buy at a bakery, usually isn't as good as that which we make.

The first step in learning to cook is to learn how to cook with a spoon. If a girl knows how to cook she will enjoy cooking. ALFRED WALKER, Age 10, Mansfield.

How to Harness a Horse.

Every person should know the name of every part of the harness. The most important parts of a harness are the saddle, breeching, collar and halms and bridle, with the lines.

saddle on tightly. Then we put the crupper under the horse's tail.

When this is done we put the bridle on his head and fasten the throat latch. Then we back him into the shafts and fasten the holdback straps. Then we fasten the reins to the whipple-tree and put the reins through the rings on the bridle and fasten them.

After this is done we put the reins through the hooks on the halms and halms. Then the horse is ready to start. LEWIS POLLOCK, Age 13, Mansfield.

Going Fishing.

"I want to go," said Beth. "You can't," said Jim. "Upon this," she began crying. "You can watch me dig the worms, if you want to."

Beth smiled, for if there was anything she hated it was watching worms. Jim knew this. "I won't go unless you let me catch a big fish," said Beth. "You could if mamma will let you. If she does, bring the lunch and don't fall down, as you always do," said Jim.

White Beth was in the house Jim dug a tin can full of worms. When Beth came out he was ready. "On the way to the brook she saw a snake, and my! how he screamed. She frightened it and it wriggled away."

When they reached the brook, Jim cut two small pieces of worm and put them in his mouth. "Hook my worm," said Beth. "I don't like to see the poor worm." Then she turned her back on him until the worm was hooked. Then she turned around and said: "Show me a fishing place."

Jim took her up the brook where a little waterfall was and said: "Here's a good enough place for you to try." She came and sat down. "Keep still," said Jim.

"I went to another place where he baited his hook. Soon the cork bobbed down. He knew he had a bite. He pulled his hook out and landed a trout. He took it off, put it in his pocket and baited the hook. He did this several times."

Suddenly remembering Beth, he went to look for her and found her sitting in the brook. She said she would have screamed but she remembered that Jim told her to sit at the end of the world.

Two men were sitting in a log-cabin away in the backwoods of America. Presently, one of them spoke to the other and said: "I am repeating his question in a louder voice, his friend started, and then said: 'Take care, now you have quite a sudden brought me back!'"

We sometimes speak of persons as being thoughtful, but the thought of those who are thoughtful, but when we do this, it is for the purpose of distinguishing between those who are thoughtful and those who are careful and attentive.

If we are wise, thoughts of the past will guide us in the future. We have neglected, of faults we have committed. Let us be grateful to those who have helped us, and let us strive to repay them by our conduct.

If any thought of the unkindness of others lingers in our memory, we should strive to banish it. There is an excellent motto that we should all do well to bear in mind: "Write injuries in dust, and kindness in marble." That is to say, let us quickly forget an injury, but let us always remember any act of kindness. JESSIE BREHAUT, East Norwich, N. Y.

The Ungrateful Soldier.

Dear Uncle Jed:—Not quite a hundred years after the time of Sir Philip Sidney there was a war between the Swedes and the Danes. One day a great battle was fought, and the Swedes were beaten, and driven from the field.

A soldier of the Danes who had been slightly wounded was sitting on the ground. He was very tired and thirsty. He had a flask of water with him, and he drank from it. All at once he heard some one say:

"Sir! Give me a drink, for I am dying." It was a wounded soldier who spoke. He was lying on the ground, and he was very thirsty. He had a flask of water with him, and he drank from it. All at once he heard some one say:

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LETTERS TO UNCLE JED.

A Wood Soldier Made in Germany. Dear Uncle Jed:—I wonder if you ever thought that all of the wooden toys have much longer lives than you have them your own.

The people in other lands have wooden toys that are made of wood and are very nice and neat. So I will tell of a wooden soldier made in Germany.

There was in Germany a tree and flowers and grasses grew around it. The birds flew to and fro in its branches, and bushes had places in its shade.

One day the sun came and the woodman came to the wood and they heard him say, "This tree will do for me," so they turned away and went to chop, so they turned away and went to chop, so they turned away and went to chop.

When the woodman had chopped it down it was drawn on a sledge to a saw-pit. It was cut into planks and boards which were piled upon the saw-pit's banks.

The woodman then cut like that wood. So he told his children to come and help him carry some of the things home. He took them to his shop.

And he sat and chipped and carved away and by and by it looked like a soldier, and at last it looked like a soldier.

Of course it wasn't finished, for he had to glue on its arms and legs and the little green stand to put under the soldier's feet.

Then a toy merchant came, with a wooden car, and placed it in his shop to sell. So the soldier was placed in a box with eleven more and he stayed for a little while in a shop window.

But one day a rich man bought him for his children and his travels ended on the nursery table. Our wooden toys are mostly imported, and they also come from Austria, Holland and Switzerland.

FLORENCE WHITE, Age 11, Willimantic.

Thoughts.

Dear Uncle Jed:—All of us have thoughts of one kind or another. Everything depends upon them, because thoughts lead to words and to actions. We should banish all evil thoughts and cherish those which are helpful and good.

Thoughts travel faster even than the lightning! We think of some place that we have visited, and in less than a moment we are there. We think of some one we love, and in less than a moment we are with them.

Two men were sitting in a log-cabin away in the backwoods of America. Presently, one of them spoke to the other and said: "I am repeating his question in a louder voice, his friend started, and then said: 'Take care, now you have quite a sudden brought me back!'"

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bag and carried me around from one place to another.

He gave me to another man. I went for an auto ride every day. He gave me to a grocer for some bread along with nine other pennies. He put me in a safe, something had happened while I was in this safe. It began to get very warm, then very red.

The paint cracked and down we went into a deep cool. Then the safe began to get cool. It began to get dark. When the grocer took me to the light I saw that I had been in a fire. Here I remain in this little village of Hampton, after all my trials.

FLORENCE WHITE, Age 11, Hampton.

A Visit to Worcester.

Dear Uncle Jed:—I wish to